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Can Inflation Be Stopped?

THE ECONOMY IN 1970



Psychological studies have shown that women who bottle-feed their children are more likely to have problems in sexual adjustment. On the other hand, in their classic study of the physiology of sex, Masters and Johnson found that nursing mothers tended to have a high level of interest in sex and expressed a strong desire to return to intercourse with their husbands.

Bottle: One problem young mothers interested in breast-feeding often face is lack of encouragement from their doctors. Some obstetricians actively advocate bottle-feeding because breast-feeding mothers take up too much of their time with follow-up consultations. "When I had problems," recalls Mrs. Clement R. Thompson, a suburban Chicago mother who has nursed five of her seven children, "the doctor's only answer would be to put the baby on the bottle. I found that he didn't know the practical aspects of breast-feeding."

In 1956, to overcome the deficiencies of doctors, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Gregory White, wife of a general practitioner who admitted he did not know what advice to give her about nursing, formed the La Leche League, a non-profit organization to encourage breast-feeding and tell young mothers how to do it. The league ("la leche" means "the milk" in Spanish) spreads the word through monthly meetings of its local chapters, a newsletter with a paid circulation of 17,000 and a 166-page book, "The Womanly Art of Breastfeeding," that has sold 217,700 copies. One significant measure of the rising interest of mothers in nursing their babies is that attendance at local meetings of the league has spurted from 1,000 women ten years ago to 27,000 during 1969, and the number of chapters has climbed from 22 to 775 since 1960.

Essential: Hardly any doctors deny the benefits of breast-feeding. For one thing, mother's milk is always at the right temperature and is also sterile. Moreover, no formula can duplicate natural milk for essential nutrients or digestibility. Some physicians are convinced that mother's milk helps protect a baby against disease, presumably because the baby acquires some of the mother's disease-fighting antibodies during nursing. Breast-fed children, says Dr. E. Robbins Kimball of Evanston, Ill., Hospital, have fewer general infections and intestinal illnesses than bottle-fed babies. They have only a third as many respiratory infections as bottle-fed infants and one-seventh the risk of allergies.

A woman who successfully nurses her first child, pediatricians find, usually follows the same course with the rest of her babies. And this in itself has hidden advantages. "Nursing," says Mrs. Michele Pessetti, a Franklin Park, Ill., housewife, "is a form of sex education. The older children learn that the breasts aren't just a sex symbol, and they beam when you tell them that's the way they were fed as babies."



Newsweek—Robert R. McElroy

Pulsa's light show in MOMA's sculpture garden: 'Abstract sensorium'

Art in Space

Visitors to the exhibition "Spaces" at New York's Museum of Modern Art seem more like worshipers at some exotic Oriental temple than conventional museum goers. Before anyone can enter the exhibition, to protect the works he must remove his shoes, don a pair of clumsy paper slippers and then slide along the floors of the show. "It's a new sensation in museums," observed one visitor.

But the real sensation is the show itself. Conceived and assembled by Jennifer Licht, a pretty MOMA associate curator from London, "Spaces" was, she says, "an attempt to have artists create encompassing spatial experiences within a museum. In the past, space was merely an attribute of a work of art, rendered by illusionistic conventions in painting or by displacement of volume in sculpture, and the space that separated viewer and object was ignored as just distance." For this show, Mrs. Licht wanted space to be "an active ingredient, not simply represented, but shaped and characterized by the artist."

Quiet: Mrs. Licht gave five artists and a group called Pulsa their own areas to work in. "I just let them do their thing." Michael Asher, 26, created a dimly lit, low-ceilinged white room. Lined with acoustical tiles, this silent chamber eliminates all outside echoes and reverberations. Perhaps the only quiet spot in New York, the room has become a resting area for tired museum personnel and for weary shoppers. Investigating the psychology of personal space and activity, German-born Franz Walther filled his room with 58 canvas, felt and leather objects as well as sugar cubes and flags which Walther insists "must be used and

not valued or interpreted. You can lie on them, lie in them, eat them or wear them like knapsacks or anything you want," says the artist. "I want the individual to be aware of his own personality within this space."

Thirty-six-year-old Dan Flavin turned his space into a glowing area of light with rectangular units of fluorescent yellow and green tubes. "The intense green, mellowed by the yellow, creates," says Flavin, a space in which "light pushes out against the wall perimeter and pretends to infinity."

Vistas: The walls and floors of California artist Larry Bell's room are pitch black. Because of a faint light directed from an exterior source, the space constantly changes as the visitor gropes his way about. Robert Morris brought nature to MOMA by planting four groves of mini-spruce trees which gradually diminish in size. While the visitor looks at them, intrigued by the trompe l'oeil impression of distant vistas, a refrigeration system dampens him by constantly pouring out a fine mist. "This is a space of atmosphere," says Morris, "just as much of a sensate experience as a visible one."

The most exciting work was created by Pulsa, a group of six artists who teach in the Yale University Architecture Department. Using complicated computer equipment, TV cameras, polyplanar speakers and strobe lights, they are able to translate all movement in the MOMA sculpture garden, be it a walking man or a swaying tree, into a soft clatter of squeaking sound patterns and beautiful flashing lights. The Pulsa group, which lives together in a Connecticut farmhouse, believes that "personal artistic expression is obsolete"; they want to create an "abstract sensorium where people can

relax their bodies and minds as the sound and light play over them."

Artists like the Pulsa group have helped turn space, says Mrs. Licht, into something that is "no longer a vague abstraction. Synthesizing the greater intellectual and physical scope demanded by the space age, art may be developing a new humanism as it incorporates man and his actions and reactions."

—DAVID L. SHIREY

J.P.'s Place

Hidden in the heart of bustling Manhattan, its spirit breathes of the Arno rather than the Hudson and its atmosphere belongs more to Florence than to New York. Entering the Pierpont Morgan Library, which boasts one of the best collections in the world of incunabula, illuminated and autographed manuscripts and old master drawings, is like stepping back five centuries into the Italian Renaissance, to the age of Michelangelo and Raphael. Not only is the architecture an accurate Renaissance facsimile, with its gray-white marble façades, graceful colonnades, arcaded loggias and cloister-like garden, but the interior also speaks the Old World, with its red damasks, sgabello stools, coffered ceilings and floor-to-ceiling bookcases.

Such a regal atmosphere has been congenial to the Morgan's directors, and they reign for a long time. After J. Pierpont Morgan founded the library in 1907, he named as director his librarian and confidante, Belle Da Costa Greene, a flamboyant woman specialist of incunabula who didn't retire until 1948. She was then replaced by Frederick B. Adams Jr., a distinguished art and book collector in his own right. He stayed until last year. Recently the Morgan's board of trustees chose as Adams's successor 41-year-old Charles Ryskamp, a tall, boyish professor of eighteenth-century English literature at Princeton.

Superb: The Morgan requires a special breed of directors for it is, in the words of Adams, "neither a library, in the strict sense of the term, nor a museum of works of art, but an unusual combination of the two." Its collection is nothing less than unique. It has not one Gutenberg Bible but three, as well as the superb Constance Missal, printed about 1450, or six years before Johann Gutenberg turned out the first printed Bible. "In period after period you can say we have one of the greatest or the greatest," says Ryskamp. "Few can rival us in certain fields, not even the Met. We're the British Museum of this country." Its graphics range from 1370 through an incomparable collection of Rembrandt drawings (considered the very best in the country) up to the mid-nineteenth century.

Also outstanding are the illuminated manuscripts dating from the sixth century to the sixteenth and covering a wide range of countries and schools. What should perhaps be the most celebrated work is Morgan Manuscript M.I., the

ninth-century Lindau Gospels, which is a masterpiece of medieval manuscript with its deeply saturated colors and magnificent front cover of a Crucifixion delicately modeled in gold and surrounded by precious and semi-precious stones.

The autographed letters, documents and books are boons for any bibliophile. There is a letter from Cornwallis to Washington admitting surrender and one from Voltaire in which he says, "I have left my doctor, but nevertheless I do not feel better." There are also the signed literary manuscripts of Alexander Pope's "Essay on Man" with its chaotic emendations, the original seventeenth-century "Mother Goose Tales" manuscripts and Charles Dickens's autographed manuscript of "A Christmas Carol."

Until his death in 1913, J. Pierpont Morgan jealously guarded the treasures



Newsweek—Robert R. McElroy

Ryskamp: New man at Morgan

he had gathered throughout the world, showing them only to close friends. "One soiled thumb would undo the work of 900 years, and a misplaced cough would be a disaster," he said. But since 1924, when the museum was turned into a public institution, it has continued to grow. A new wing was added and scholars have flocked to it as a haven for the serious study of unique and quality art. Now Ryskamp wants to make the Morgan more than ever accessible to not only scholars but the general public. "I want to dispel a myth about this place," says Ryskamp. "We're not a private club which requires a ticket. I want to get people here who've never been here. It's an ideal place for training the eye on the best art in the world."

—D. L. S.

An Old-Fashioned Season

It was opening night last week and yet it was not opening night. After fifteen weeks of often bitter labor negotiations, the Metropolitan Opera finally launched its 85th season with an opulent production of "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker and Robert Merrill. "It was an unusually happy opening," said the Met's general manager, Rudolf Bing. "To be truthful, there was a time when I thought the Met would not open. Now I'm as happy as everyone else."

At first glance, the opening resembled all Met openings as companies of silver-haired men in tails and their ladies in extravagant hair-dos and gold and silver gowns strolled through a lobby bathed in the floodlights of the television cameras. Mayor John V. Lindsay headed an abbreviated list of dignitaries, along with Lord Caradon, the British representative to the United Nations, conductor Leonard Bernstein, and Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Penney. But most of the cream of New York society had been skimmed off by the delay. The Whitneys and Vanderbilts were conspicuous by their absence.

In fact, for all the trappings of a gala occasion, the Met opening generated little more excitement than a midweek concert. The best that Met regulars could summon was a sigh of relief that the house was opening at all. "To me, the opera is everything," said Mildred Caplan, a standee. "I came up here from Charlottesville, Va., three years ago to follow the opera. Tonight just doesn't seem real." Then she pulled out a ticket marked Sept. 15, the original opening date. "I guess it's a collector's item now."

Replica: "Aida" is the "Quo Vadis" of nineteenth-century opera, an extravagant Egyptian love story about a warrior who falls in love with a slave girl. It had already inaugurated ten Met seasons and been performed 533 times by the company, both records. But it does feed an opening-night demand for splendor and provides two superb showcases for the company's leading singers. Richard Tucker as Radames, the ill-fated Egyptian warrior, celebrated his 25th season at the Met with a strong performance, his clarion tenor cutting through the full texture of chorus and orchestra, and Leontyne Price lent her warm, dramatic soprano to the title role. In the great aria "O patria mia" she managed to sustain extended passages in the highest reaches of her voice with the grace of a butterfly perched above a flower.

The production itself, prepared in a frantic two weeks, held together, but it might have been a replica of the 1871 premiere of the work for all its relevance to modern staging and acting techniques. The dancing as usual was appalling—a series of spasms, jerks and leaps in search of a choreographer.

In the early weeks of its truncated sea-